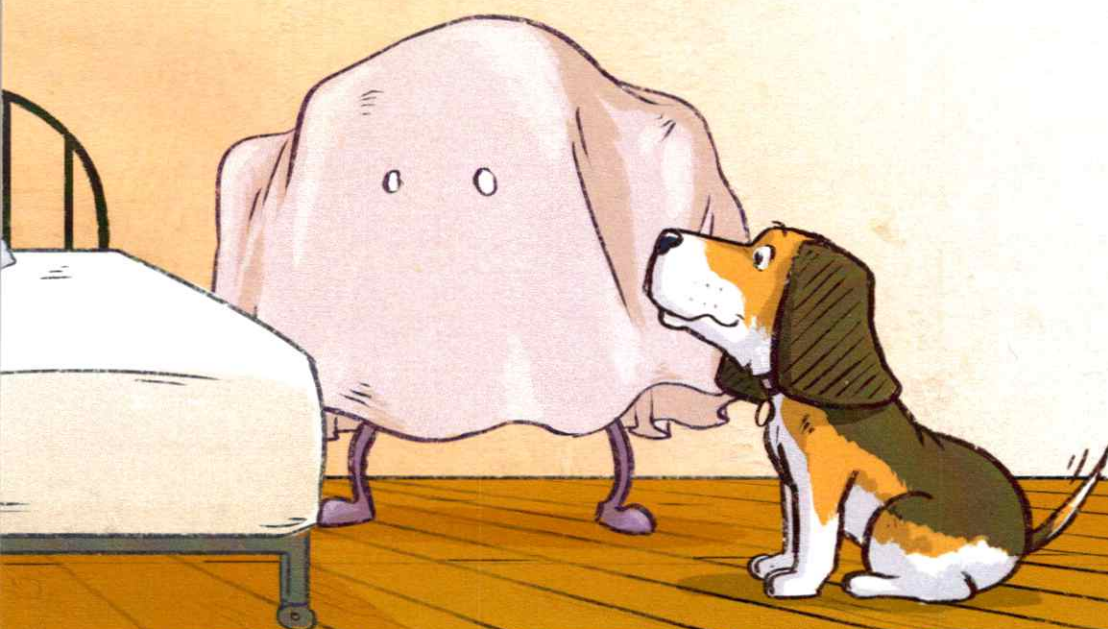


Maybe glared at Poodle,
who was not paying attention—obviously.

“Poodle,” growled Maybe to Poodle,
“snap out of it. You have to show clauses now.
You’ve been through all of these adventures,
with **parts of speech**, **parts of the sentence**,
and **phrases**, and now we can finish
our exploration with **clauses**. Right?
It’s the fourth level.”

“Right,” Poodle thought. He had been
so distracted with the monsters and Bizzie.
It had already been a big morning.
“Right,” he said.

“Good,” said Maybe. “So explain
the magic portal we’ll find in Act Two.”



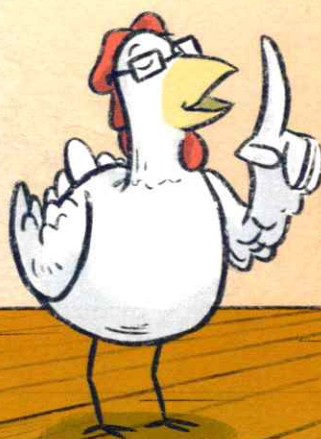


Portal? Burgull did not know
what a portal was. Nor did Dickinson.
Even What? did not know what a portal was.

“Right,” said Poodle, and he looked
at his friends, who were mostly monsters.

“A portal’s a gate, an entrance.
We’re going on a Portal Quest.
We’re going through portals.”

No one understood.
They’d never seen a portal.



“We’ll travel in our minds,” Poodle said.
“We’ll go through the portals of the mind.”

“You always do this, grbrk,” grkked Burgull.

“It will be all right,” Poodle comforted him.
“We’re going into the portals of our minds
to search for clauses!”

Clauses? This was too much.
Burgull stepped back. Dickinson looked down.
What? thought, “What? Clauses?”

“Shape up, everyone,” said Maybe,
and they shaped up.
“Poodle, tell them what clauses are,
and let’s go to Act Two.”

